

Mail Blog

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Mail Blog will now be sent one page at a time. Whenever the project ends someday, you can staple all the loose pages together to create one big zine.



"the poetry we can't find is a whole new earth" -- Alice Notley, Women and Poetry

Her laugh turns into a sob and back into a laugh.

Like when she tried to eat lasagna while wearing a cloth napkin over her head so no one could see her sanity melt.

This time when she listened to a program about an abandoned child through headphones.

You are not alone, said the program about an abandoned child to an abandoned child.

But she is alone, everyone went to lunch.

"Identify stories good for the reader's health"-- John Berger, The Seasons in Quincy



THE ISOLATED GIRL.

They forgot to wash their face.

They forgot they had a face.

They forgot they had a face that looks like Michael Myers.

It also looks like the other faces, the ones who made them, named them, renamed them, and left them.

The face that faces out is not their face at all.

"This body she wore (with) all its capacities, seemed nothing--nothing at all." --Virginia Woolf, Mrs. Dalloway

I watch from above the body while he is trapped inside.

He has all the memories in there with him like a fog.

He can't see beyond them.

The distance between me and him and them and her is that of a mountain top and a valley gorge.

The unreachable mountain can see so much land below but can't see any clear boundary that defines where the mountain begins and the valleys end.

"The nerve to resist packaging unruly materials in the nineteenth-century conventions of novel as written by God in possession of a world that makes sense." --Joan Retallack, The Poethical Wager

She watched a space show in which a character described an ancient civilization that believed there were many voices inside us, each with its its own desires, styles, and view of the world.

A community of selves.

For a moment, we shared the same view of the valleys from the mountain.

"one must believe that private dilemmas are, if deeply examined, universal,

and so, if expressed, have a human value beyond the private, and one must believe in the vehicle for expressing them"--May Sarton, A Journal of a Solitude

I'm perfectly happy viewing them from the mountain, but I should also look at something else so I don't start another notebook of notes on one sudden obsession for half a year only for it to turn into a complete waste of time.

Although, I do like to see their little smile when they stumble into an unexpected turn of phrase as they journal their life into existence.



From:

Mail Blog

C/ø Cortney Cassidy

PO BOX 320032

Brooklyn, NY 11232

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